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in the Regiment has his hair cropped close, "fighting fashion."

P.S.—I had a letter from McEntee, who is first lieutenant in the 20th Regiment. The regiment is now at the Junction.

Literary Record.

THE SHADOWY LAND AND OTHER POEMS, INCLUDING THE GUESTS OF BRAZIL. By Rev. Gurdon Huntington, A.M. New York: James Miller, 1861.

IN this volume of over 500 pp. we perceive ample evidence that a good heart, a calm temperament, a meditative and observing mind, were united in its production—every poem has its moral or religious import, and whether the author leads us through the mystic regions of the Shadowy Land, by the bright flowing waters of the blue Mohawk, or detains us musing in the Valley by the Mountains, his thoughts are ever tending up "through Nature to Nature's God."

The longest poem, entitled the "Shadowy Land—a brief Epic," is an undisguised imitation of the Miltonic style, nor does the author hesitate to admit his indebtedness to the great bard. The first book opens with a description of that intermediate state of departed souls, which supposes them still to occupy a probationary position, until the day of final judgment. This "Shadowy Land," is divided by our poet into Paradise or Elysium and a "vast realm of cloud and shade where dwell the bad." The inhabitants of the latter are represented as occupying themselves in those avocations in which they most delighted while on earth. Into this region Satan sometimes comes from his own home in the "lowest hell." Having advised with his compeers, and obtained the alliance of the condemned in this region of darkness, a hostile invasion of Elysium is projected which had once before been unsuccessfully attempted; the failure occurring through the want of a suitable bridge to span the chasm which separates Elysium from the outer hell. An attack upon Heaven itself is talked of, but abandoned for this apparently more feasible object.

The time is apparently well selected, being that period while the second person of the Trinity is incarnate upon earth; the angelic rebels remembering their terrible overthrow by the Messiah in their previous attack on Heaven (*vide* Paradise Lost) hope better success, now that his aid is necessarily withdrawn. The first necessity of the campaign is to provide for bridging the chasm; and for this purpose Satan invents a movable bridge for the support of which, he details a sufficient number of his minions to uphold it, while the main army of invasion shall pass over. In the meanwhile, news of the menanced attack is brought to Elysium, creating great consternation there, and much mourning on the part of Eve, who looks upon this evil report, as but a continuation of the direful effects of her original sin. "Hope," which had hitherto sat enthroned in Elysium, found her seat usurped by "Fear," but the former still lingered in the blessed region, and active measures for defence commence. A commissioner is sent up to the highest heavens for aid, and is informed by a Seraph, that the Elysians may depend upon an armed intervention if that becomes necessary. Ambassadors are also sent by Adam, who acts as an informal sort of generalissimo of the army, to "gain by parley a brief hour or two." The selected envoys are Joshua, Samson and David; they are received with diplomatic courtesy by Satan, who offers them

> "some clime
> Equally fair, delectable and sweet,"

if they will peaceably yield to him the keys of Elysium. The offer is indignantly refused, and after other stratagems to inveigle them into a dishonorable treaty, the ambassadors set out on their return. Samson, separating himself from his companions, is entrapped by the watchful demons, who removing the props of the ground on which he stands precipitate him below; while stunned and confused, they cast over him a jovian net of "adamantine strength," and the unfortunate envoy is borne away by monsters to a rock hewn prison within the bounds of hell. Joshua and David are met by a genuine-guide from above, and safely reconducted to the Elysian towers. Here, some are armed for defence, while others solicit the "ever listening ear" for celestial aid.

During the battle the much desired, and really much needed heavenly assistance is granted, by a strategical false show of brightness being thrown upon a certain portion of the hellish host, so that they are mistaken for Elysians by the Satanic army, and hence a fratricidal carnage ensues, suspended after much mischief done, by the discovery of the mistake. The battle, as in Paradise Lost, is terminated by the appearance on the scene of the unexpected Messiah, who having descended to Hades immediately after the crucifixion, opportunely arrives to the rescue of his elect, and

> "joined his angels in the clash
> Of war upon Elysian's verge."

over which Hell's king is driven with all his hosts. This word "verge," by the way, seems a very favorite one with the author; it does duty throughout the Shadowy Land for every one of its synonyms, on all possible occasions.

In a note to this poem the author deprecates "comparisons," undoubtedly meaning with Milton, and though the professional critic may complacently forbear, it will be impossible for readers to repress the spontaneous associations, which link so many of the incidents, phrases and ideas of this poem with that of Paradise Lost.

The plot, as will be observed, necessarily engages the same parties in the action, while the invasion of Elysium, bears too great a similitude to the attempted invasion of heaven in the English epic to be overlooked; while the same means, namely, the intervention in bodily presence of the Messiah is so prominently like, that what there is of originality in the poem, is overwhelmed in the many resemblances which the memory persistently thrusts upon the reader.

Many passages in this poem are majestic in their movement, and the heroic elevation of style is well maintained to the end of the fourth book, after which

the interest flags, for the action is in fact over. The principal merit of this poem, so far as invention is concerned, rests upon the idea of anticipated success, by the Satanic host, from the supposed absence of the Son of God from Heaven during his incarnation, which is both original and ample as a ground of action. In the note above referred to by the author, Mr. Huntingdon asks whether Milton was not indebted to some peninsular bard for the general plan, or a portion of his work? There can be little doubt we think that Milton's description of the angel's discourse with Adam, in which the future of the human race is so vividly set before our great progenitor, was suggested by that book in the Lusiad, wherein the Queen of the Isle of Love describes to Vasco de Gama the future glories of his country. As Camoens wrote half a century earlier than Milton, and as we know the latter allowed no book of note to escape him, the marked resemblances between the two can scarcely be believed accidental; and though Milton undoubtedly drew largely from all the best sources known to the literature of his age, we think Mr. Huntington, as well as other modern bards, would interest modern readers more by drawing on their own brains and hearts, and the natural stimulants to be found within their own age, than to rehash the very best of *his*.

If we may judge by delicacy of poetical execution, Mr. Huntington's forte lies in a nice observation, and keen appreciation of the beauties of Nature; and following him as he leads us in his "Spring Loiterings by Wood Creek," we seem to feel the soft breath of May fanning our cheek, to perceive the landscape opening before us; to see great tempting looking trees to sit under, to hear the hum of insects, and the whirring wings of startled birds, as we push our way through the tangled brushwood to the shade of the grand old trees. But let us stop with our poet:

"Within this deeper shade, and by this trunk
Enormous with the growth of ages past, ...
Our footsteps check awhile: Hearest not above,
The tapping of the wood-pecker at work
On dead and topmost boughs? The dapper wren,
With his light trilling song and restless life,
Forsakes awhile his nest in the mossy fence,
To watch for insects haunting damp and shade.
Beneath the tangled thicket, coped by firs,
And a crowd of hemlocks young, that rustling tread
Which now you hear, betrays the partridge. There,
Now alarmed she fears to build her nest,
And meditates to spread her whirring wings
For forest sanctuaries unprofaned,
Where the tall reeds wave by the reeking fens,
And interlacing forms gemmed with the blaze
Of crimson cardinals, and the amethyst-light
Of the fringed gentian nodding o'er the ooze
Unite to canopy and screen her haunts."

If we should attempt to indicate the pieces which will meet with the most cordial reception among readers, we think we might safely name, the "Poetry and Romance of the Indian Country," in which is interwoven some very pretty legends of the Shawnees and is illustrative of the customs of that and other tribes. "Geraldine Kuener," has a good poetical base, and an excellent moral showing

"How one incautious word, untrue, may spring
A snare of fatal misery o'er the heart."

but there is in this, as in the "Guests of Brazil," and some other pieces, a certain crudeness of expression which somewhat mars the pleasure of the reading—as though the poem, once written, had never been revised—and the unmusical phrases detected and amended, as some could very easily have been. Note the inharmonious phrasing of the italicized line below:

"When Kuener knew
His daughter had been wedded; that the words
Of Haller had the angry priesthood moved
To send their emissaries to entrap the girl."

A little care in revision would have expunged many such unpoetical phrases, which the eye of a practised reader detects at the first glance. "The Cathedral Service," is a very pretty thing, so is the "Mohawk River," and the "Pilgrimage on a Cloud," but the "Holy Eucharist," is more artistically faultless than either.

Mr. Huntington gives us one tragedy—the "Guests of Brazil;" the plot illustrates the workings of remorse on a penitent and noble mind; the hero Corinnæus finally falling a sacrifice to the mistaken rage of Eustin, whose former wrongs he is striving to repair by present fidelity and kindness. We have, as *Dramatis Personæ*, a Brazilian gentleman and daughter, and two Brazilian priests; but we could never feel ourselves really in Brazil and listening to South American ecclesiastics while one of them uses such a northeastern localism as this:

"Has disaffection in the Empire far
Fermented, *among those of much account.*"

The plot which involves a revolution fomented by the priest Sebastian, who seeks the aid of a European leader (Eustin) to carry out his schemes, is not beyond the province of probability, and its finale well illustrates the moral intended to be conveyed by the author—that *sin*, even though repented of and its atonement attempted by the wrongdoer, nevertheless produces its necessary result of after misery to the sinner.

We should hardly venture to predict for these poems what the publishers call a "success;" there is no such appeal to the passions, no such prominence given to any one popular idea, as calls forth an immediate and general response from the great heart of humanity. Such as Whittier lays hold of in his prophet-like denunciations of hypocritical priests and his appeals in behalf of the "human," such as Hood and Holmes mingle in their strange medleys of pathos and absurdity; nor does our author steal into the soul with that rhythmical grace of expression with which the silver-voiced singer of Cambridge wins from us unawares our love and sympathy. But as we are sure the author enjoyed the composition of these poems, so he may depend on finding a select circle, whose thoughts and feelings are cultivated to the same standard, and whose moral and spiritual sentiments are attuned to his own, who will equally enjoy the perusal of them.

To Correspondents.—Our Boston letter comes too late for insertion.